



Darkness Falling by GeorgiaDawg99

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Summary: What is up with Will? Is Hopper working with the government now? What happened to Eleven? These are all questions Season 1 of Stranger Things left us with. While Will deals with the side effects of being trapped in the Upside Down and Mike deals with the disappearance of Eleven, a new evil arises in Hawkins, Indiana. My take on what happens next.

Darkness Falling

Author's Note: So I finally got to watching Stranger Things, and after finishing the whole season in two days, have fallen in love with the show and its characters. Of course, the show left us with many questions. What happened to Eleven? Is Hopper working with the government now? What's up with Will? This story is my take on what happens after Season 1 ends. It will be multi-chaptered and for the Mileven shippers like me, well, trust me, there will be Mileven moments in this fanfic. Please, feel free to review and let me know what you think, or send me a PM of your thoughts. I'd love to hear what you think.

Disclaimer: I do not own Stranger Things or any of its characters.

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It was dark... and cold. So, so cold. Thick, brown sludge squelched beneath her feet as she picked her way through the dark woods. Webs of slime dangled from dull, gray trees and flaky particles of matter drifted through the air all around her. She shivered as the cold air bit right through the tattered pink dress and oversized flannel shirt she wore. She stopped as the familiar box came into view, her eyes nervously darting about, scanning the area around her for any sign of danger before rushing over and lifting up the lid of the wooden container. There, in the box as it had been almost everyday since she'd been made a prisoner of this terrifying dimension, sat a few Eggos encased in a clear plastic wrap to protect them from the rot and decay of the Upside Down.

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"The frost giant has you backed against the cave wall with nowhere to run. You feel a chill run down your spine as it casts its cold, hateful gaze upon you. Will! Your action!"

"Cast fireball! Fireball!" Lucas shouted.

"No! Don't listen to him! Cast death ward!" Dustin yelled, anxiously

slapping his right hand repeatedly against the wooden table.

Will looked rapidly from boy to boy, unsure of what to do.

"Will! What is your action?" Mike exclaimed.

"Ah...um... fireball!"

"Yes!" Lucas chimed, pumping his fist, "Good choice Will!"

The boys watched as Will rolled the dice, all three keeping their fingers crossed in hope that he would roll the number needed to cast a successful fireball. All three cheered as the dice landed on what they needed.

"What happened next Mike? What happened?" Dustin asked, anxiously leaning forwards.

"The frost giant raises his giant hand, preparing to smoosh you into oblivion! Will the Wise casts fireball..." Mike paused for suspense as the other three boys leaned toward him in anticipation, "The fireball hits the giant straight in the face! The frost giant howls at it clumsily stumbles around, pawing at its blistering skin with its huge hands, giving Dustin time to finish it off with a final blow! The three triumphantly march out of the cave, having saved the kingdom from the massive evildoer. The parade through the kingdom streets, victorious."

Will, Dustin, and Lucas whooped and hollered as Mike went on about their victory, exchanging high fives and parading around the Wheeler's basement. Mike smiled at his friends' excitable nature, closing the Dungeons and Dragons book that had sat open in front of him.

"MIKE!"

"I'll be right back guys," Mike told his friends before hastily running upstairs.

"Yeah mom?" the boy said as he walked into the kitchen where his mom stood at the sink, washing dishes.

"It's time for your friends to go home honey. It's a school night and you need to get to bed," Karen Wheeler stated.

"Do they have to?" Mike whined.

"Yes Mike. You'll see them again tomorrow at school."

"Fine," Mike grumbled, slowly trudging downstairs. However, at the bottom step, he stopped, his eyes landing on the blanket fort that lay against the wall, pillows adorning the inside of it and on top of the pillows, Mike's supercom. Images of a girl with her hair in a buzz cut wearing his sister's old pink dress floated throughout his mind and Mike didn't even notice the tear running down his cheek until the voice of Lucas snapped him out of his thoughts.

"Hey man, you alright?"

Mike hurriedly wiped the tear away with his sleeve and turned towards the guys, putting on a fake smile.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Why wouldn't I be?"

Lucas, Dustin, and Will all shared a look, before turning back to Mike.

"It's just, you've been acting really different ever since El died," Lucas said.

"She didn't die! She just disappeared!" Mike snapped. Lucas recoiled at his friend's sharp tone.

"Okay, okay," Dustin said, putting his hands up defensively, "Then you've been acting really weird since she disappeared. We're worried about you man."

"Seriously, I'm fine. You don't need to worry about me."

Doubt covered his friends faces, and Mike sighed.

"My mom said you guys need to go ahead and go home because it's a school night," he said, directing the subject away from him.

"Oh shit! What time is it?" Dustin exclaimed.

"Uh, 9:05," Lucas responded, looking at his watch.

"Shit shit shit. My mom wanted me home like half an hour ago! I'm so dead," Dustin groaned, "I gotta go guys. I'll see you tomorrow." The others watched as Dustin took off out the basement door and hopped on his bike.

"I'd better go too," Will said, "My mom's still a little bit nervous with me staying out so late after all that happened."

"Ok, see you later Will," Lucas said.

"Bye."

Then just Mike and Lucas were left in the basement.

"I didn't mean to upset you when I said what I did about El being dead. You're right. For all we know, she could be alive."

Mike remained silent, suddenly becoming very interested in the carpet below his feet.

Lucas sighed.

"I should probably head home too. See ya later Mike. Radio me if you need anything."

Mike continued to stare at the ground until he heard the basement door shut. He then sunk to the ground, burying his head in his hands. "El... where are you?"

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Will awoke to find himself in the Upside Down. Thick, brown sludge dripped down the walls of his room, puddles of it decorating the floor around him. The air was thick and moist, thin, albicant pieces of matter floating all around like snowflakes. The stench of sulfur and decaying foliage permeated the air around him, causing Will to gag.

"Mom? Johnathan?" the boy called out, trembling slightly at the thought of being trapped back in this horrific place. Ever since he had been rescued by Joyce and Hopper, he'd experienced some weird

side effects from being trapped in the dark dimension for so long. It started off soon after he'd gotten out of the hospital. He'd been awoken one night by a violent wave of nausea. Will had rushed to the bathroom, making it there just in time as he started gagging. He had stood over the sink, feeling almost as if he was choking, when all of a sudden he retched and a brownish-green, slime covered slug slipped out of his mouth and down the drain. Will had stood there in shock for a moment, before suddenly gripping the sink's edge as he was hit with a sudden dizzy spell. Before he had been able to comprehend what was happening, he'd been in the Upside Down again. It had only lasted a few seconds, but needless to say, it'd shaken the boy. Ever since then, he routinely had these bouts of nausea in which he usually ended up coughing up another small slug, then found himself in the Upside Down for a few seconds before being transported back to his dimension. Will could never tell if this was just his imagination, like some form of PTSD, or if it was real, and he really was in the Upside Down again. He hadn't told anyone, knowing his mom would probably freak out, and his brother... well, who knew what Jonathan would do? So, he had kept it a secret. However, he'd never gone to sleep to find himself in the Upside Down before, leaving him to wonder if this was just a dream, or if he had actually been transported there as he slept somehow.

He wandered out of his bedroom, looking around cautiously, before slowly sneaking down the hallway.

"Mom? You there? Jonathan?"

There was no answer. He slowly headed towards Jonathan's room, warily opening his older brother's door and scanning the room to find it was empty. His mom's bedroom was the same way. Will was now beginning to feel panicked. What if he was back in the Upside Down? What if he couldn't get back out again? What if the demogorgon was back? That last thought especially terrified him, an image of the horrid, faceless creature appearing in his mind and causing Will to shudder. As he stood outside his mom's bedroom, thinking of all the terrifying possibilities that could happen to him, he heard a loud creaking sound. Will froze completely, his eyes widening. He listened carefully for anything, a creak, a growl, anything at all. Then it came again. Another creak, this time much closer and louder. He was not

alone. Will took a careful step back before turning around and blindly sprinting out of the house and into the surrounding woods. He repeatedly looked behind him in fear that the demogorgon, or whatever it was that had made the creaking sounds, was right behind him, causing him not to see where he was going and to trip over a large tree root. He tumbled to the ground where he hit his head on a rock.

"Owww," he groaned as he sat up. He placed his hand to his head and something warm and wet: blood. It was then that he heard more movement. He jerked his head up, looking around frantically, before detecting a silhouette making its way towards him. Will tried to get back up to run, but was stopped by a sudden pain in his right ankle.

"Augh!" Will shouted, his face scrunched in pain as he fell back on his rear. He looked up in fear as the silhouette got closer and closer.

"No. No, no, no, no, no," Will trembled, scooting backwards, until his back hit a tree. He shuddered, closing his eyes.

"C'mon, wake up. Wake up! C'mon, wake up dammit! Wake up! WAKE UP!" he said to himself, his voice escalating with every word.

"Will?"

"Huh?" Will slowly opened his eyes to see a strange girl in front him. When he took a closer look, realization suddenly dawned on him. The girl looked to be about his age and had really short hair, pretty much a buzz cut.

"Eleven?" Will murmured after a moment's hesitation.

The girl, who Will had now deciphered to be Eleven, nodded.

"You're the girl Mike, Dustin, and Lucas told me about."

"Is Mike here?" Eleven inquired, her brown eyes widening and looking around.

"Uh, no. Mike is not here," Will told her.

"Good."

"Uh, why is that good? Do you not want to see Mike?"

Eleven shook her head.

"Then if you want to see him, why is it good he's not here?"

A very grim look suddenly befell Eleven's face.

"Eleven?" Will questioned.

"Not safe," Eleven whispered, "Not safe. Danger."

"W-what kind of danger?" Will said, suddenly very scared.

"Bad."

"Bad?" Will repeated.

Eleven nodded, "Bad."

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Meanwhile, Mike was tossing and turning in his own bed. His covers lay tangled at his feet and he whimpered in his sleep.

The demogorgon was slammed against the wall as if by an invisible force. Mike turned to see El walking towards it, glaring at the creature in front of her.

"No! El!" Mike cried out, reaching for her to pull her back. El suddenly put her arm out and Mike felt himself fly backwards into the cabinets. She turned.

"Goodbye Mike."

Mike could do nothing but watch as she used all the power she had left to defeat the demogorgon. Tears ran down his face as her scream penetrated the air and the demogorgon began to dissolve. Black pieces of matter swarmed in the air around El, and then it was over. The demogorgon was gone, and with it, El.

Mike shot up with a gasp, tears streaming down his face. When he realized it was a dream, he untangled his feet from the covers and

hugged his knees to his chest. *If only it was all a dream. If only El was still here.* Mike squeezed his eyes shut.

"I'm so sorry El. I should have saved you."

Mike then slowly reopened his eyes and got out of his bed. He silently crept out of his bedroom and down the stairs. The whole house was silent. Mike found his way down the basement stairs, stopping as he reached the blanket fort.

"El, I'm so sorry," he murmured once again. Tears ran freely down his face as he sat there on the basement floor in front of the fort.

"I should've been stronger. I should have saved you back there. But now... now you're gone, and I honestly don't know what to do anymore. I can't just forget you. I could never do that, not after everything that happened."

Mike sighed, placing his head in his hands.

"Mike?"

Mike jumped, startled by the sound of his sister's voice behind him.

"W-what are you doing down here Nancy?" he stammered, quickly wiping away his tears.

"I heard you come out of your room," Nancy said, sitting down next to her younger brother. She looked at him out of the corner of her eye, noticing his rattled state.

"Nightmare?" she said sympathetically.

"Why do you care?" Mike grumbled.

"I get them too," Nancy responded.

Mike looked at her.

"You do?"

"Yeah. They're mostly about that night... when Jonathan, Steve, and I

fought that *thing*," Nancy paused before continuing in a more reticent tone, "Sometimes they're about Barb though..."

Mike was silent. He didn't know all the details to what happened, but knew Nancy felt partially responsible for Barb's death.

"I know you feel like you should've have done something to save Eleven," Nancy continued quietly, "But what could you have really done?"

"I... I don't know... I could have done *something* though," Mike stressed.

"Mike... Eleven did what she knew had to be done in order to protect you. You wouldn't have been able to change her mind."

Mike remembered how when he had tried to stop El, she had used her powers to push him back.

"Look, I know this isn't easy for you, but you're going to have to move on," Nancy told him quietly.

That jerked Mike out of his thoughts.

"Move on? Move on! How the hell am I supposed to move on?! Why should I even move on?! We don't even know that El's dead! In fact, I think she is still alive out there somehow. I can feel it," Mike argued.

"Mike..."

"What? What Nancy? You're just like everyone else. So ready to move on and forget about her. Eleven saved us! She saved us all! And you just want to move on and forget about her when we don't even know if she's actually dead?"

Nancy looked sorrowfully at her younger brother.

"I'm not saying I..."

"No, that exactly what you're saying."

"Come on Mike..." Nancy said.

"Just leave me alone, okay?" Mike responded, his voice breaking, "Please, just leave me alone."

Nancy squeezed her eyes shut and sighed. She gave her younger brother one last glance before turning and going back upstairs.

Once she was gone, Mike curled up on the ground, silently crying until sleep finally took over his exhausted body and mind.

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"Will! Wake up! It's time for school buddy!"

Will opened his eyes to find his brother shaking him awake. The younger boy, jumped up, suddenly remembering the events of last night. He rapidly looked around his room to find it completely normal. Jonathan watched with shock and confusion as Will rushed out of his bedroom and down the hall to burst out the front door. He was met with bright light from the morning sun and the cold chill of late January.

"Hey, you feeling okay?"

Will jumped at the sound of his brother's voice coming up from behind him. He turned around to find Jonathan standing in the doorway, concern etched all over his face.

"Uh, yeah. I'm, um, I'm fine," Will stammered.

"You sure?" Jonathan said.

"Yeah, yeah. Just... just had a bad dream, that's all." *If it was even a dream*, Will added in his mind.

"Oh. What was it about?"

"I... I don't remember," Will lied.

"Okay then... if you remember though, know you can always talk to me," Jonathan told him.

"Okay, thanks Jonathan," Will said, giving his brother a fake smile.

Jonathan then ruffled Will's hair.

"C'mon, I got breakfast on the table."

Will gave one last look towards the woods surrounding his house, before shaking his head and following his older brother inside.

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Extra Author's Note: Thank you so much for taking the time to read the first chapter of my story! Once again, I'd love to hear what you think, so feel free to give a Review or send me a PM! Thanks!